

The City
of the Great King
and Other Places in
The Holy Land



Pictured by
DEAN CORNWELL
and

Described by
WILLIAM LYON PHELPS



The City of the Great King





The Street of David

The City
of the Great King
and other places in
the Holy Land

Pictured by
Dean Cornwell
and
Described by
William Lyon Phelps



Cosmopolitan Book Corporation
New York MCMXXVI

COPYRIGHT, 1925, 1926, BY INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE COMPANY, INC..
(GOOD HOUSEKEEPING)

COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY COSMOPOLITAN BOOK CORPORATION

*All rights reserved, including that of translation
into foreign languages, including the Scandinavian.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The City of the Great King	I
There Were Shepherds in the Fields . . .	9
The Carpenter of Nazareth	19
The Way of the Cross	29
A Copper Shop in Jerusalem	39
The Golden Gate	49
The Dead Sea and the Living Water . . .	59
The Sea of Galilee	69
The Pot-Seller of Bethlehem	79
A House in Nazareth	89
The Road to Damascus	99
The Church of the Holy Sepulchre . . .	109

Ghe City
of the Great King

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING



RECENTLY the New York papers had news from Jerusalem on the front page; so it ever was, is, and will be. The Holy City has always had what the slang of today calls "news value," and no wonder, for the greatest news came from it, the word Gospel meaning simply *Good News*. Long before the Jews invaded Palestine, Jerusalem was important; it reached a climax of glory in the reigns of David and the grandiose Solomon. Then the kings of the earth brought their glory and honor into it, as in the later dream of the apostle.

Jerusalem has been conquered, retaken, conquered again, razed, rebuilt, occupied by various nations and devotees of various religions. It has survived appalling calamities and apparently fatal disasters; like the fabled Phoenix, it rises from its own ashes, indestructible and unique. It has been the stage of innumerable

battles; but though victor and vanquished soon joined the universal democracy of dust, the city lives.

During the long centuries before Christ, the eyes of the world were frequently turned toward Jerusalem; in the Middle Ages, men, women, and alas! the children of Europe left their bodies on the journey thither; and after the city had seen in the course of its strange, eventful history soldiers in Jebusite, Jewish, Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, and Arabian armor, Englishmen, clad in the khaki of the twentieth century, entered its gates. Forever associated with the Prince of Peace, it has been the prize and goal of many wars.

As its history is one long drama, so dramatic literature has found it a rich and fruitful theme. I open Shakespeare's "King Henry IV," and find these lines:

Therefore, friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,—
Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross
We are impressed and engag'd to fight,—
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields

Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

What was planned in the fifteenth century happened in the twentieth. James Elroy Flecker, English poet, wrote in 1912:

Then the black cannons of the Lord
Shall wake crusading ghosts,
And the Milky Way shall swing like a sword
When Jerusalem vomits its horde
On the Christmas Day preferred of the Lord,
The Christmas Day of the Hosts!

Christmas, 1914, as he lay on his deathbed, Flecker added a footnote, "This poem contains . . . words that ring like a prophecy of events that may occur very soon." I read his note for the first time at Christmastide, 1917, as the English army entered Jerusalem.

In 1925, John Masefield, the English poet, wrote his tragedy, "The Trial of Jesus," and in the same year the American poet Don Marquis printed his passion play, "The Dark Hours." Jerusalem is as inexhaustible in literature and in drama as it is in reality.

The size of a country has no relation to its

influence. Palestine is about 160 miles north and south and about 80 east and west. Jerusalem is about the size of Binghamton, New York, but there is no city whose name is more universally known. And although it has a conglomeration of races and religions, it is quite the opposite of a melting-pot. It is a mingling, not a mixture; in its narrow streets men touch elbows, men whose worlds of thought are as remote as the east is from the west.

The admirable artist, Dean Cornwell, has given us a picture so faithful and so dynamic that we not only can see the activity depicted, but can almost hear the noises and smell the odors. The East is one prodigious international smell, which I am quite willing to inhale from painted resemblances and from books of travel. Here is one city unpenetrated by the Ford, and yet its streets are choked with traffic. This particular thoroughfare is the Street of David in its normal condition today. It is the principal street of the city, and, crossed by Christian Street, quarters the city into Jewish, Moham-medan, Greek, and Christian sections.

As I look at the colors, turbulence, and variegated crowd, I feel that I have seen Jerusalem without having been there; and this is exactly what the artist intended me to see and feel. If the experiment is successful on me—and it is—it will doubtless work in a similar fashion on most readers, for experience has taught me that I am an average man.

The streets of Jerusalem are about nine feet wide; they are as free from vehicular traffic as Venice. Laden camels take the place of trucks, and the sheep and the goats are as yet socially undivided. Observe the costumes of men and women; they wear racial uniforms. The floating population is composed of pilgrims from Mecca and Algiers, natives of the Sudan, now-homeless Russians, and ever-homeless Armenians.

The Moslem colors are red and green, and holy days and holidays abound. These things have not changed, but the American gasoline-can has supplanted the oriental water-jar, even as in America the filling-station has taken the place of the saloon.

To men of various races and religions, the name Jerusalem connotes varying thoughts. But to Christians it is the City of the Great King, and above all, the City of his Son, the King of Kings. We love Jerusalem because Our Lord loved it. Were ever words addressed to any city more tender than these?

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!

It is not only the city of David, and of his Greater Son, it is not only the blood-stained city of the past, it gives its name to the Ideal City of the future, the capital of the Kingdom of God.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

And when the saints see that City in their dreams, with its towers and domes and pinnacles in the eternal light, they sing,

Jerusalem the Golden!

There Were
Shepherds in the Fields

*Bedouin shepherds at Bethlehem as they appear today . . .
These powerful children of the sun have the haughty dignity and
careless grace of royal blood.*



THERE WERE SHEPHERDS IN THE FIELDS



IN THE accompanying picture, the artist, with admirable combination of line and color, has given us a vivid portrayal of the Bedouin shepherds at Bethlehem as they appear today. The word "Bedouins" means dwellers in the open, or, as they name themselves, tent-people. Even as the Jews are the children of Abraham, so the Bedouins claim the same lofty lineage. As Isaac was the son of Abraham and Sarah, the wandering Ishmael was the son of Abraham and Hagar. Now, according to the Bedouin tradition, these nomads regard Ishmael as the father of their race. In a certain sense, Jews, Mohammedans, and Christians are all brothers; for David was among the descendants of Abraham, and in the line of the great king came in due process of time the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

Although the shepherds in the picture might seem to tourists little better than vagabonds or tramps, no pale-faced European aristocrat has in his temperament more pride of race. These powerful children of the sun have the haughty dignity and careless grace of royal blood. They are wanderers by both choice and necessity, for the fierce heat of summer and the bitter winds of winter make scanty and meager pasturage. They may seem to lead their flocks of sheep and goats, but in reality the animals lead them, for the life of one and the livelihood of the other depend upon grass. Here the earth is red, abounding in broken stones; to a superficial glance about the only vegetation appears to consist of sparse groves of gray-green olive trees.

The upright figure, who dominates the whole picture, wears the long, aristocratic sleeves of antiquity, so long that their ends touch the ground. No working costume is this, nor is it meant to be; others work, he commands. The man seated in the foreground, with his back turned to us, wears a thing of shreds and patches, a sheepskin—his diploma of the open air—

with the fur side inside. How they endure these sultry coverings in summer is as mysterious as the burden of seven or eight layers of clothes worn by Russian cab-drivers in July.

The musician of the little party is discoursing melody on a shepherd's pipe, two bamboo cylinders hitched together. Perhaps the words that go with this air resemble in significance those of Bayard Taylor's passionate Bedouin love-song:

From the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

The huge tent to the right is of heavy, dark wool. In the background old men are sitting with the boys, and it is the business of the latter to tend the flocks. Women, unlike children, are in these particular groups neither seen nor heard.

But you may be sure they are not idle, for they are beasts of burden. At this moment they may be walking the six dusty miles to Jerusalem, carrying on their unveiled heads leather receptacles filled with cheese.

The proud and independent Bedouins are not aware that they are on holy ground; they talk and trade and oversee their flocks in an indifference to sacred history as complete as that of the gambling Roman soldiers at the foot of the Cross. But we, who live not as they after the fashion of remote antiquity, we children of the twentieth century, gaze on this harsh and barren land with feelings compounded of solemn worship and ineffable tenderness. For over this sterile waste came Mary to the inn. Over this ground she went away carrying in her arms the Hope of the World.

Brought up, as every American is or should be, on the most beautiful of all stories, the story told by St. Luke, we often imagine that the Shepherds of the Night who did homage to the Divine Child must have been gentle and kindly

men. In all probability it was quite otherwise. As the Son of Man had in his face, bearing, and voice such authority that the rough, virile fishermen left their nets, their work, and their friends to follow him, and were born again into the Kingdom of God, so the uncouth and savage shepherds of the Nativity, who had never feared either the face of nature or the face of man, became, at the celestial light, sore afraid. It was not until they stood in the Divine Presence that they were transformed. Not until after that revolutionary experience did they glorify and praise God. They were changed, even as later the wild heart of Saul was changed by the vision of the Light of the World.

We must forget—if we ever believed—that these men were Sunday School shepherds. I advise all lovers of the Gospel story to read one of the English medieval mystery plays—say the Second Shepherds' Play—where in crude but convincing realism the rough herders are truly depicted; and as the Wise Men brought royal gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh, so

the shepherds brought pretty playthings that from time immemorial have won the heart of a little child.

In the background of the picture is the town of Bethlehem, containing today about eight thousand people. There is no gradual transition from city to country by the suburban process; the buildings of the town are huddled together as if in concerted protection against the fierce winds; and beyond the last row of houses is the bleak desert. Sharp as is this contrast, it is not so sharp as the contrast between the significance of Bethlehem before and after the birth of Jesus. As one individual has often changed the course of history, so the Divine Child changed one commonplace village from almost complete obscurity into the center of the world's civilization. From this barren ground sprang the inexhaustible well of living water.

Look again at the picture. As we gaze on these shepherds in the garish day, it takes but little imagination for the sunshine to turn into starlight, and we see "in the same country" the nameless but immortal shepherds keeping watch

over their flock by night. Then the bright stars
paled before the Star of Bethlehem. Then the
shepherds left their sheep to behold the Lamb of
God.

The Carpenter of
Nazareth

*Not an imaginary picture of
Jesus and Joseph, but a faithful
delineation of an actual car-
penter's shop in Nazareth today.*



THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH



IF ANY tourist has photographed, or any other artist painted, a scene similar to this of the carpenter of Nazareth, I have not discovered it. This is not an imaginary picture of Jesus and Joseph, but a faithful delineation of an actual carpenter's shop in Nazareth today. Mr. Cornwell has reproduced a typical shop, a typical father and son, the actual furniture and structure of the building, the peculiar implements used in the craft.

These are timeless tools and timeless methods. Things and customs do not change in the East as with us—there is no Yankee ingenuity, no passion for efficiency, no desire to be up to date. The standard is not in the future, but in the past. It is because it was.

The carpenter is sitting on the ground—in an attitude that years of habit have made comfort-

able for him. With his left foot he holds the wood in a secure position, while he drills. Behind him are poles, with bark on, from which he crudely fashions camel saddles, plows, ax-handles, hoes, forks—all the things of utility used in the simple life of farming in and around Nazareth. Drags, used for threshing, are among the principal things he makes; one is leaning against the wall at the right of the picture, and another is on the ground, partly covered by his “abaya” carelessly thrown over it.

Notice the serious attitude of the boy. He is not only working, but is interested. He is not day-dreaming, nor is he wondering how soon this toil will be over, so that he can go out and play. It will not be over, and he will not go out and play. This boy does not know that he is missing anything; the relation between father and son in Palestine is not merely a family relation; it is professional. The boy is eager to learn; he wants to imitate his father, and he already has something of the pride of partnership in the “firm.” This is, of course, locally true not merely of carpenters, but of potters, shoemakers,

blacksmiths, coppersmiths, etc. The streets are not filled with noisy boys; they are at work.

The artist, by giving us not an imaginary picture of Jesus and Joseph, but a realistic painting of a carpenter and his son at work in Nazareth today, has through his very representation brought the boyhood of Our Lord closer to us than any fancy. The tools and the methods of work have not changed; and as this father and son in 1925 put their bodies and minds into their daily toil, so undoubtedly did Joseph and the Son of Man.

When we think of the birth of Jesus and also of his death, we think of him associated with his mother. The Virgin and the Babe have illuminated twenty centuries with celestial radiance; and by the Cross stood the mother, sharing in her heart every agony of her Son. But in the long interval between babyhood and the Jordan baptism, there must have been hours, and days, and weeks, and months, and years of the closest intimacy between Jesus and Joseph; in Nazareth Jesus was known as "the carpenter's son." When he began his ministry there, where he had

been brought up, the attention of the crowd was drawn to him because for many years they had seen him at his daily work with his foster-father; and they had the same curiosity to hear him that always characterizes the people of a village when some native boy who has been away to study returns and takes up professional duties for the first time. Everybody comes out to hear him.

Listen to the words of St. Luke:

And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up; and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the sabbath day, and stood up for to read. . . .

And he began to say unto them, This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears.

And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. And they said, Is not this Joseph's son?

As we look at the picture, it is pleasant to think of the years of intimacy between Joseph and the divine youth. This would have been emphasized by Eastern customs, which persist even unto this day. I refer to the separation of the men from the women. The male members of the family

work, eat, pray, and take their recreation apart from the women. Thus the ordinary pride that every boy everywhere takes in imitating his father, in "being a man," is strengthened in Palestine by inseparable association. The earnestness of the young apprentice in this painting indicates masculine pride; "we men work together."

We think of Jesus as the son of Mary, but the people of Nazareth thought of him as the son of Joseph. An amazing feature of the life of Our Lord is its long period of obscurity; from childhood to the age of thirty there is recorded not one event in his life, not a word from his lips. The most important and influential Personality in history spent *nearly all his life* in secret preparation for a short career—there is a lesson in that too obvious to miss. What did Joseph and Jesus talk about, in the days of summer? What thoughts passed through the boy's mind as he did his mechanical work? Well, as we gaze on this picture, our imagination is irresistibly drawn to the years of cheerful toil, where

the divine workman learned and practiced his trade. This is how he looked and this is how he toiled.

Perhaps one day, while he was fashioning a yoke for oxen, an idea came to him that in later years he was to use in the most beautiful and most memorable of his sayings:

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

I suppose none of the great speeches of Our Lord has been more misunderstood and misrepresented than this. The yoke is usually represented as the badge of servitude, and Jesus is supposed to be insisting that we must become his slaves, and suffer his yoke, as though the yoke were a cross. But as has been repeatedly pointed out, Jesus was a carpenter; he had made yokes; he knew that the yoke was not an additional torture to the patient ox, it was the yoke that made it easy for the ox to draw his burden. The yoke saved his neck from being galled; it enabled him to bear an enormous burden, because the yoke

was “easy.” In applying this figure, drawn from the carpenter shop, Jesus was telling us that the burden we all have to bear is simply life, the daily weight of care, work, and worry; it is not a calamity or disaster, it is just the daily burden of living. Our Lord seems to say:

“You must draw this burden; let me show you how to draw it most easily, with the least suffering. Try my yoke, take my method, practice my way of living, and you will find the burden is light. You will find rest unto your souls.”

The Way of the
Cross

*The Jerusalem street now
known for many centuries
as the Via Dolorosa. . . . It was
along this street that Our Lord
took his last melancholy pilgrim-
age to ignominy, torture, and
death.*



THE WAY OF THE CROSS



THE accompanying picture shows us the Jerusalem street now known for many centuries as the Via Dolorosa. The artist painted it one bright Sunday at high noon, and the cheerful activity of the scene gives no suggestion why this thoroughfare bears its tragic name. We look along the sloping street; there is a turn at almost a right angle to the left which continues for a hundred yards or so, and then right again to the Place of Judgment.

The scene, although not overcrowded, is full of life. In the strong sunshine appear the boy and the patient beast of burden, the latter infallibly reminding us of the humble manner in which the King of Kings entered Jerusalem. In the background is a man heavily laden, and in the cool shadow to the right is the inevitable beggar. Overhead, on either side of the powerful arches, are revealed the peculiarities of local do-

mestic architecture; and not the least brilliant color in a scene full of color is, unspeakably far aloft, the cloudless blue.

Although this particular road is called the Via Dolorosa, there is not a street in the city which has not at some time or other been stained with blood. The history of Jerusalem is appalling; so many times has it been captured by armed forces of so many and various nations, so many times has it been destroyed and rebuilt, so many times have helpless fugitives, trying in vain to escape from ruthless pursuers, been put to the torture and the sword.

From the centuries before Joshua crossed the Jordan to the moment, only a few years ago, when the British army entered its gates, Jerusalem, always bearing the same name, has been attacked and defended with ferocity. Perhaps no other city in the world has experienced so many tragedies over so long a range of time. Strangest of paradoxes—that the city held sacred by Jews, by Christians, and by Mohammedans, should have been the theater for such a succession of terrible dramas! If the stones

could indeed cry out, what tales of horror would they tell! It is fortunate that echoes are transient; that they die with the voice that awakens them.

It was along this street, along this Via Dolorosa, that Our Lord took his last melancholy pilgrimage that was to end in ignominy, torture, and death—from which sacrifice was to spring eternally the hope of the world. He had been scourged—an abominably cruel punishment; he had worn the crown of thorns; pale and sick with suffering, amid the taunts of the indifferent soldiers and the insults of the mob, he walked to the final tragedy and the final triumph.

This picture of the Way takes us back to the day of days. Never in history was there such an instance of what the old poet called *High Humility*. Many a man has died for other men; but the marvel of the Gospel story is the Son of God submitting not merely to physical pain and death, but to the vilest insult and injury and degradation in order that he might save those who are farther removed from his glory than the lowest insect from the glory of man.

Look again at the picture. It is the Via Dolorosa near the Fifth Station. It was at the Fifth Station where Simon of Cyrene took the cross. It was a recognized part of the ritual of torture that the condemned man must bear his own cross on the road to the place of execution; undoubtedly Jesus began the journey in this manner, and so we are informed in the Fourth Gospel; but Matthew, Mark, and Luke state that a certain bystander, Simon the Cyrenian, who little knew of the secure and deathless fame he was to achieve by his burden, was compelled by the soldiers to carry the cross.

A short distance from this bend in the Via Dolorosa occurred one of the most dramatically impressive incidents in the whole tragic drama—it is one of many events related only by Luke. Among the huge rabble that followed Jesus there were many inspired by aggressive malignity, many by idle curiosity; but close to the Divine Sufferer was a group of following women, mourning the fate of the best friend of humanity, who, although now a captive, had already conquered their faithful and loyal hearts.

The scene stands out from the pages of the Gospel in an intensity forever vivid:

And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him.

But Jesus turning unto them said, Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children.

For, behold, the days are coming, in the which they shall say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bare, and the paps which never gave suck.

Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us.

I hope that all those who look at this picture and who are now reading these lines will make a resolution to go, if it be in any way possible, to the mountain village of Ober-Ammergau in the summer of 1930 and see the Passion Play. I have seen nearly all actors who have achieved international fame during the last thirty years; but never have I seen any play or any acting comparable to the production of the drama of Our Lord's life and death given by the peasants in that remote little town. Twice at the ten-year interval have I seen it; and no spectacle either of nature or of human nature is more lastingly en-

graved on my mind. And of all the long day's drama, the one incident that I remember most vividly is this incident along the Via Dolorosa.

Seven hundred people were on the stage, every one actuated by a sincerity beyond the reach of a more sophisticated art. The mob was shouting in rage and derision; the little boys were picking up stones to throw at the victim, and screaming, "To the cross with the Galilean!" In the center of this surging mass walked Jesus in sad serenity, while directly behind him followed a little group of sobbing women.

Suddenly Jesus stopped, stood still; and awed by some incomprehensible spell, the unruly and turbulent throng grew still as death. The children stood with the stones in their hands; the soldiers stopped laughing; the crowd was like sculpture. In this strange and sudden silence, the pale, weary Sufferer spoke the words of doom.

From the point depicted by the artist the Way leads through a narrow, busy thoroughfare, lined with shops. At the end of this street, in the Abyssinian Church, is a broken pillar that

marks the spot where Jesus fell for the third time. Through a narrow opening in the wall one passes to the entrance of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and at last stumbles up dark, worn steps to the Mount of Calvary.

A Copper Shop in
Jerusalem

This scene is a perfect magnet for any wandering eye. The hand-wrought, unalloyed copper utensils reflect the glorious light of the Syrian sun.



A COPPER SHOP IN JERUSALEM



NO ONE with a seeing eye and an understanding heart can walk the streets of Jerusalem today without being attracted by many things of unforgettable association with events that exist for us in the pages of the Sacred Book. It is no wonder, then, that the painter's attention was attracted by this scene. It is a perfect magnet for any wandering eye. The hand-wrought, unalloyed copper utensils reflect the glorious golden light of the Syrian sun—as breastplates of Roman soldiers reflected it when this same street ran through a valley and the Son of Man walked there. The proprietor of the shop, the prospective purchaser and his wife might have bartered here long centuries ago, so little changed are they in custom, habit, or even style of dress. How could any one with the uncanny ability to transfer living scenes to canvas pass by such a place as this?

This particular copper shop stands today on "The Valley," a long street in Jerusalem, running from the Damascus Gate on the northwest to the Dung Gate on the southeast. The man with his back turned to us and his wife may be near-by country folk, who by the sweat of their brows wring a mere subsistence from the reluctant soil. Or they may have come up from Hebron, a score of miles southward from Jerusalem. The yellow cloth covering the man's head and reaching down his back is often seen among the men of Hebron, which is in the midst of a rocky yet fairly fertile country where produce can be raised for the city market. Following an old historic highway, peopled with ghosts of the past—Solomon's Pools, containing the reservoirs for both Bethlehem and Jerusalem, were somewhere along this trail—they have come to the metropolis to dispose of their produce and purchase a few necessities, and at the close of their day in the city they will trudge back through the nightfall, home.

The ancient Hebrews were prodigiously fond of copper or brass, which is the same thing (as a

matter of fact, the word copper occurs only once in our Authorized Version of the Old Testament, where brass is used frequently); they made altars, candlesticks, armor, helmets, household utensils, mirrors—they loved the golden glow, the royal splendor of these things; they loved to see them in their temples, in their public buildings, and in their houses. Thus there were, as we learn from the constant references to this bright metal in the Book of Exodus, a vast number of expert artificers. But we can go back much farther than Exodus—in fact, we can go back to the beginning; for in the fourth chapter of the Book of Genesis, we learn that the first smith on record, Tubal-Cain, was not only an expert himself, he was a professor of the art; “an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.” Thus, when the Israelites entered into Palestine, they brought the secret of this beautiful craft with them.

Every one of the various implements on exhibition in this shop has been made by hand, and most of them hammered out by the proprietor in the dark interior of the building. Thus they

cannot be standardized, cannot be belched out by machines by the thousand; every one is an individual work of loving art and care, and has not its exact counterpart anywhere in the world.

Although the Hebrews understood the art of fashioning copper into useful and beautiful utensils, the shapes of the vessels in this particular shop come principally from early Greek and Roman forms. The student may verify this in the museum at Damascus. A very few of these pieces on exhibition were not made in this shop at all; some came from Persia, and two from Russia; they must have been bought second-hand by the shop-keeper from passing bankrupt pilgrims.

To return to the street in front of the shop. It is called "The Valley" exactly as Fleet Street, London, bears its name; it commemorates something that was, and no longer is. This present thoroughfare is anywhere from twenty to ninety feet above the original valley. The chasm has been gradually filled up by sliding accumulations of rubbish from both sides. Today it is a narrow but not a straight road, winding along

through the center of Jerusalem. Josephus called it The Valley of the Cheesemongers, and another name for it was The Place of Merchants. The northern section of it runs through the Mohammedan quarter, and the southern through the Jewish. The Gate of Damascus at the northwest terminus is the meeting-place of four roads, and the Dung Gate at the southeastern end is the main entry through the southern walls; the long street is filled with shops, with peasants who bring in garden-truck, and with itinerant merchants.

Although the road has risen so that it no longer resembles its name (El Wad, or Valley), in every other respect it must look as in the days when Joseph, Mary, and the Child came down from Galilee. Coming from the tiny settlement at Nazareth, Jesus must have been in a state of wide-eyed wonder as he followed his parents through this turbulent thoroughfare, and saw the shops and heard the cries of street venders. Possibly some particular scene here sank into his youthful mind, and years later came to the surface as a striking illustration as when he said,

“They are like children sitting in the market-places, and calling one to another.” Or when he spoke of the self-righteous persons who loved to receive salutations in the markets, or of the laborers who stood there idle—in these instances Jesus may have been using illustrations that were first impressed upon him when as a country lad he saw the crowded Street of the Valley in Jerusalem.

It is possible that the Immortal Three stood for some time in front of a copper shop like this, for Joseph was a man of importance in Nazareth and would not have come to the southern city without funds. Possibly he bought some vessel of resplendent metal, burnished and fine, and carried it back with him to Nazareth. The Divine Child would have been pleased with its shining glory, and in the future, when he was at work at home in the northern village, its presence would have reminded him of the pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

In the stories and speeches of Our Lord which fell from his lips during the brief years of his ministry, there are many allusions to local cus-

toms; so that a picture such as the artist has here given us, absolutely authentic in every detail, has immense significance, and helps us, as we read the New Testament narrative, to see the actual environment made by Him forever memorable.

The Golden Gate

*The Golden Gate through
which Jesus entered Jeru-
salem on the day of his greatest
earthly triumph—Palm Sunday.*



THE GOLDEN GATE



IN a certain fair Sunday, almost exactly nineteen hundred years ago, the solidly walled-up gate, which you see in the picture, stood wide open to admit the light of the sun and the Light of the World. The portal faced due east, and the brilliant rays of the sun came out of the mist hanging over the Dead Sea, crowned the Mount of Olives, bathed the Garden of Gethsemane, changed by heavenly alchemy the water of the brook Kidron into living gold, and flooded the great gate, then the eastern gate of the areas of the Temple, with triumphant radiance.

Looking out from the walls into the barren distance, one would have descried a little group approaching the city. An ass, accompanied by her foal, advanced, carrying a splendid, youthful figure whose serene face had the air of kingly authority. It was in the spring of the year; the

gardens about Jerusalem were in bloom. It was the time of Passover, when thousands of devout Jews flocked to the holy city. Outside the walls were many tents, where the pilgrims had encamped. As the Son of God drew nearer, accompanied by his disciples, and by his intimate friend, Lazarus, whom he had brought back to life, the news of his approach spread like the wind from tent to tent, from group to group, and like the destined future of Christianity itself, the Master and his disciples became the center of an enormous throng of shouting, cheering, singing enthusiasts.

However great may be the jealous hatred of high-placed individuals toward any new leader, the common people always recognize one who loves them, and on this Sunday morning in the first century they knew that the quiet figure on the humble beast was their best friend. Their enthusiasm was as ungovernable as it was spontaneous; they took off their outer garments and spread them before him; they cut down branches from the trees and waved them in the air. Thus amid the joyful multitude of cheering, singing

men and women, Jesus passed through the Golden Gate.

St. Matthew has given us the story in his own concise and dramatic manner:

And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and were come to Bethphage, unto the mount of Olives, then sent Jesus two disciples,

Saying unto them, Go into the village over against you, and straightway ye shall find an ass tied, and a colt with her: loose them, and bring them unto me. . . .

And the disciples went, and did as Jesus commanded them,

And brought the ass, and the colt, and put on them their clothes, and they set him thereon.

And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way; others cut down branches from the trees, and strawed them in the way.

And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.

And when he was come into Jerusalem, all the city was moved, saying, Who is this?

And the multitude said, This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee.

We learn from St. Luke's account that the jealous anger of the Pharisees found utterance even before Jesus reached the gate. They could not endure to hear him saluted as the King com-

ing in the name of the Lord, and they said angrily, "Master, rebuke thy disciples." And Jesus said, "I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out."

Indeed a prophetic word; for today, when the gate is closed and silent and the shouting multitudes are no more, the stones do cry out in eternal witness to Him who made this portal forever significant.

To readers of the Bible the Golden Gate in this picture is the most interesting portal in the world. The fiery prophet Ezekiel made a prophecy concerning it; he declared that it would eventually be closed, and he gave the reason; and as we look on its impenetrable front today, two references in Scripture rise irresistibly in our minds: the prophecy by Ezekiel; and its fulfilment by the Prince of Peace. Listen to the words of the old Hebrew prophet:

Then he brought me back the way of the gate of the outward sanctuary which looketh toward the east; and it was shut.

Then said the Lord unto me; This gate shall be shut, it shall not be opened, and no man shall enter

in by it; because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it, therefore it shall be shut.

It is for the prince; the prince, he shall sit in it to eat bread before the Lord; he shall enter by the way of the porch of that gate, and shall go out by the way of the same.

In early Christian times this gate was believed to be the same as the Gate Beautiful mentioned in the third chapter of Acts, "the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful," where Peter and John gave to the cripple something more valuable than silver and gold. In fact, the word "golden" probably arose from a confusion of the Greek word *Horaëa* (beautiful) with the Latin *aurea* (golden).

Even if the Golden Gate received its modern name through an error, it richly deserves its appellation. For, as it faces the east, the glorious sunlight floods it with the gold of the morning.

The two arches in the gate certainly appear to be of Roman construction; they are called respectively the Gate of Repentance and the Gate of Mercy, and they opened originally into the court of the Temple. Although all Christian

people have the best of reasons for loving this gate, it also occupies an important place in the traditions of the Jews and of the Mohammedans. The commonly accepted story is that the Turks walled up the entrance so that the future Jewish Messiah could not enter here. The Mohammedans have a notion that Mohammed will walk across the brook Kidron on a hair stretched from the top of the Mount of Olives, over this gate, into the city.

Enormous stones lie loosely around its foot, as the picture shows, and one wonders by what system of engineering they were brought there. Directly before the portal is an Arab cemetery. Every Friday the Arab women visit these graves and force unconsciously upon the attention of the Christian pilgrim the contrast between the symbols of death and the triumphant entry of Him who took away its sting.

On Palm Sunday Jesus entered through this gate in triumph, during the week he suffered humiliation and anguish, and on the following Sunday he triumphed not only for all time, but over time itself.

The Gate, opened to admit Jesus, is now closed; but no closed gate or stone walls can keep him out, for as he entered into the temple, now the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, knows no barriers, no obstacles, but finds the way into what Milton called the greatest of all temples, the upright heart and pure.

The Dead Sea
and the Living Water

*The dark blue, silent sea is like
lapis lazuli; it has the solemn
solitude of death; no life within
its waters, no life along its desolate
edge.*



THE DEAD SEA AND THE LIVING WATER



THOSE who have traveled far and wide say that one of the most beautiful views in the world is the prospect from the top of the Mount of Olives, looking eastward toward the plain of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. One stands nearly three thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean and glances more than four thousand feet downward into the cleft in the earth's surface containing the valley of the Jordan and its descent into the Salt Sea. Fifteen miles away a patch of the keenest blue reveals the sea itself, and the mountains on its eastward side stand out in various colors against the sky.

Had this tract of land and water no historical significance, it would still be a thing of marvelous beauty; but when one thinks of its religious

and spiritual associations, one is almost overcome.

The brilliant blue of sky and sea, and the desolate land in the fierce sunshine are brought out impressively by the artist. This picture was painted at the northern end of the Dead Sea, where there is a tiny indentation. We are looking westward; beyond the pink hills on the western shore is Jerusalem, and still farther along, the Mediterranean; directly behind us is the mouth of the Jordan; Jericho is at our right, and near by, the desert. Observe the dry, blanched deposit of salt on the shores. The country looks hot, and it is; Mr. Cornwell informs us that on the day he sketched this scene the thermometer was 130 degrees in the shade.

Here we are 1300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, a hot pocket indeed. The intensity of heat and light is so sharply reflected in the picture that one *feels* them. The shack in the foreground is the only human habitation that the artist discovered on or near the shore; the Arabic architect made an unfinished symphony of the building, perhaps in that blazing heat not

caring to endure an unnecessary gesture. You observe that he did not take the trouble to saw off any poles, allowing them to wander off into space. Like a bird building a nest, he took whatever material was handy, incorporating a dead tree into the framework. The Jordan washes down plenty of rubbish and driftwood, and along its shores may be found the bamboo poles and palm which the builder used for thatching.

The name "Dead Sea" does not occur in the Bible, the sheet of water always being named the Salt Sea. Our first Biblical reference to this region is in Genesis 13:5-13, where the herdsmen of Abram and Lot quarreled about the pasturage. Then and there might have occurred a civil war over the eternal question of land-hunger, had it not been for the deep wisdom and forbearance of Abram, who set an example which might well have been more frequently followed. He suggested to Lot that instead of fighting and both losing, they separate and both gain; adding magnanimously that Lot might choose whichever direction he preferred to go, and Abram would take the other. Accordingly "Lot lifted

up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere . . . even as the garden of the Lord."

Today it is quite otherwise; the dark blue silent sea is like lapis lazuli; it has the solemn solitude of death; no life within its waters, no life along its desolate edge. The beach is crusted with salty stones and littered with the corpses of trees. The land is cracked with unsatisfied thirst; the limestone hills, "like giants at a hunting," seem to watch and wait in the glare for some portentous event. The only beauty in the scene is in the varying, ever-changing colors of the desert with the bright blue of sky and sea.

Over on the east is the rolling country of Moab whence came Ruth; on the west are the hills of Judea, occupied by the soldiers of Israel. In the atmosphere of death surrounding the sea once stood the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah; and in the same region came the austere John the Baptist, foretelling the advent of Life.

The famous bathing place in the Jordan is not far away; here come thousands of pilgrims every year, descending into the sacred stream. There

the Teacher himself was baptized, and there began that ministry which was to change the course of history.

As Palestine is the Holy Land for both Jews and Christians, so is the Jordan near its entrance into the Salt Sea forever associated both with the Old and with the New Testament. The waters parted as Joshua led his host into the Promised Land; they parted again for Elijah and then for Elisha; near the same place came the reluctant, skeptical, and angry Naaman, who, as he gazed at the muddy, warm, insignificant river, thought of the rich streams of Abana and Pharpar, and wondered why this uninviting water should possess virtues unknown to the rivers of Damascus.

Topographically the valley of the Jordan is one of the most peculiar wrinkles on the old face of the earth. The river rises some thousand feet above sea level, from two springs between Lebanon and Hermon. It flows through a shadowed canyon for about seven miles, wanders later into a broad marsh which widens into a little lake; farther along it becomes the Sea of Galilee, then, emerging at the southeast corner,

rushes with ever-increasing speed and turbulence, becoming tepid, turbid, and swollen in the rainy season, often overflowing its banks. It tumbles into the Basin of Death at a depression of 1300 feet. Its entire length in a straight line is only about 120 miles, but its twists and turns give it an actual length of 240 miles.

The contrast between the living Jordan and the Dead Sea may be symbolically represented in the picture of Heaven in the Apocalypse, where there is the River of Life, but there is no more sea.

Every river has for me a peculiar fascination. It is *alive*: living water flowing through meadows, through forests, between cliffs, over sands, never standing still, always moving and always going somewhere, as though well aware of its destination.

The Bible begins and ends with a river. In the second chapter of Genesis we learn that “a river went out of Eden to water the garden”—a lovely spectacle. Paradise could never have been complete without the sound of running water. And in the last chapter of Revelation we

learn that "he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb." It is curious that when the Bible distinctly speaks of this everlasting river of Life, "on either side of the river was there the tree of life," the old heathen idea of the River of Death still possesses the minds of many Christians. Dante and Bunyan have fixed it in the imagination of believers, who talk about "crossing the river." But as a matter of fact, there is no place in Christian thought for a River of Death. On the contrary, both the earthly and the heavenly paradise had a river to gladden and refresh the happy inhabitants.

A river itself is like a human life. The source is often obscure, humble, and unimportant; in its early stages it is a tiny stream, then swelling, growing bigger and more important, just as a man's influence extends; now flowing tranquilly, like prosperous, comfortable days; now getting into sand flats and shallows, hardly moving, like some period of long sickness; now roaring and rushing tempestuously in rapids, like times of stress, excitement, and panic; now a

huge waterfall, like a calamity of serious magnitude; yet always going on toward the sea.

It is an interesting and suggestive fact that Palestine has both the living Jordan and the Dead Sea. And what man or woman familiar with the Bible can help thinking that in the same region where stood the incredibly wicked cities of the plain came the Divine Son of God who was himself the well of water springing up into everlasting life?

The Sea of Galilee

*Galilean fishermen, brothers of
the first disciples, bringing
their catch to market, even as
Peter and Andrew and the sons of
Zebedee brought theirs.*



THE SEA OF GALILEE



THE picture of the Galilean fishermen was painted by the artist not long ago, but it might well represent the scene, the men, and the customs of the time of Our Lord. It is the light of dawn; the fishers have been out all night, and the results of their professional work are in evidence. The calm of early morning is broken only by the activity of the toilers of the sea.

The shores of this lake are held in reverence by millions who never saw them with the eyes of flesh; and there is indeed no portion of the earth's surface so clearly visualized by foreigners as the land and water of Palestine. The map of the Holy Land is carried in the minds of countless throngs of men and women of all nations; and those few who travel thither have more the pleasure of recognition than the excitement of surprise.

It was along the banks of the Sea of Galilee that Jesus called to him his first disciples. The infant Jesus was first saluted by shepherds, and his ministry began with fishermen, indicating his ultimate dominion over land and sea. Christianity was, is, and will be essentially a missionary movement, by far the greatest enterprise ever undertaken in human history. The goal is the highest possible—nothing less than the salvation of the world by the regeneration of man. The movement started by this little lake has continued for nearly twenty centuries and is today advancing in all parts of the earth.

And Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brethren, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea: for they were fishers.

And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.

And they straightway left their nets, and followed him.

And going on from thence, he saw other two brethren, James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father, mending their nets; and he called them.

And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed him.

Thus began through individual hearts the advance toward true civilization, toward the brotherhood of all men; for the most splendid League of Nations is the Church of Christ. It is interesting to observe that the qualification for membership in the original church lay not in an intellectual, but in a *voluntary* attitude, in the word "follow" and in the word "me." We ought not today to make it more complicated or more difficult to enter the church than Jesus himself made it.

This lovely sheet of water has three Bible names: the Sea of Galilee, the Lake of Gennesareth, and the Sea of Tiberias; the last name is used only in the Gospel of John. It is fresh, the river Jordan flowing through it toward the Dead Sea. It is about thirteen miles long and about six miles wide, and is surprisingly deep for so small a surface, over 150 feet. It is surrounded by gentle hills, and because of the fact that it is 681 feet below the Mediterranean, the intense heat of its basin causes a profusion of vegetation along its shores. Those who have seen it in the springtime say it is Paradise.

There are allusions in the Gospel story to fishing in the Sea of Galilee; hence it is interesting to remember that this small lake today abounds in fish of many kinds, providing one of the chief occupations of the men who live near its banks, as is shown in the picture. There are certain varieties of fish here which are elsewhere found only in Central Africa—one peculiar fish which carries its young in its mouth, sometimes to the number of 200. A recent visitor, out in a small boat, asked the boatman to try his luck with a hand-net, and in one dip a dozen good fish were taken.

In the eleventh chapter of Matthew, Jesus prophesied that the then prosperous city of Capernaum, on the shore of the lake, would be brought down to hell:

And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.

But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee.

At present Capernaum is nothing but a few stones—an absolute desolation. The only town near the lake which has survived is Tiberias, and that looks more like a collection of tombs than a collection of houses.

The chief beauty is the lake itself, a brilliant, charming blue in the sunshine, flat as a floor on a windless evening, but as treacherous as in the days of its glory. A traveler who set sail from the ruins of Capernaum to the opposite shore had an experience thrillingly reminiscent of the famous chapter in Mark, “when the even was come,” and Jesus calmed the boisterous waves.

And there arose a great storm of wind, and the waves beat into the ship, so that it was now full.—Mark.

As the sun set, the blow came in heavy puffs which sent our little craft well over to leeward and dipped the picturesque lateen sail in the water, while the spray covered the whole party.—W. D. McCracken, 1922.

As Jesus began his ministry on the border of this sea, so the last word we have of him in the last chapter of the last Gospel is in the same locality. It was after the Resurrection, when, ac-

according to John, "Jesus shewed himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias." The very first word he uttered was "Children, have ye any meat?" *For your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.* And after they had dined, looking out over the waters of the lake, Jesus put with terrible threefold intensity the question to Peter, "Lovest thou me?" And the very last reported utterance to the disciples at the end of the four Gospels was a repetition of the first—"Follow thou me."

These humble fisher folk had what seems at first the inestimable advantage of seeing and talking with Jesus; but today the true disciple does not have to journey to Palestine to see the King in his beauty. The mystical poet, Francis Thompson, who used to walk the streets of London at midnight, maintained that with the eye of faith Jesus was as visible on the river Thames as on the Sea of Galilee.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry, clinging heaven by the hems:
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

And as the Divine Word subdued the angry waves, so can it even now calm the stormy passions of the heart. In the words of Whittier,

Faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee!

The Pot-Seller of
Bethlehem

The potter is enormously important in the Holy Land, as he always has been. . . . The clay is the same, and it is today fashioned into exactly the same forms that were current in ancient times.



THE POT-SELLER OF BETHLEHEM



BETHLEHEM! To every one brought up in a Christian home the word is full of music, as though we heard today across the leagues of land and sea and across the gulf of centuries the singing of the angelic host. Bethlehem is a small town, but it dwarfs all the great cities of the world. Long before the Advent, the prophet Micah foretold its glory:

But thou, Beth-lehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.

The word "Bethlehem" means "place of food," and it was so called because it was a fertile spot in a barren land, symptomatic in its very soil of its supreme spiritual fruitfulness. It is first mentioned in Genesis 35 as Ephrath,

whither Jacob and his wife Rachel were traveling; she gave birth to Benjamin, "And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Beth-lehem."

It was called Bethlehem-Judah because there was another Bethlehem in the northern section of Palestine, mentioned in Joshua 19:15.

The great King David was born in Bethlehem-Judah, and for centuries thereafter the little town was called the City of David. In 325 A.D. a church was built there, which still stands, supposedly on the spot of the original manger.

One leaves Jerusalem for Bethlehem by the Jaffa Gate, and instead of proceeding by foot or on the back of a camel, one rolls southward through beautiful country in an American automobile. The distance between the towns is a little less than six miles, and on entering Bethlehem one finds, instead of the noise and tumult of Jerusalem, a quaint and quiet village, with an atmosphere all its own. Even today it is unique.

Bethlehem is almost entirely Christian. Look at the house in the left background of the picture, and you will see a light bluish-tinted

“whitewash” around its door and window. This is the sign that no Mohammedan lives there.

In Palestine, from the time of Rachel’s death until 1926, the physical association with Bethlehem in the minds of all travelers has been its wells. In the drought and steady heat of the summer days and nights, the wells of Bethlehem are the solace and strength of pilgrims. Mr. Cornwell writes, “A drink of water was my first and last thought.”

The most famous allusion in history to the water of Bethlehem is when the Philistines had captured and garrisoned the little town. King David and his army were outside in the heat, and one day, when the King was terribly thirsty and was thinking out loud, remembering the peculiar sweetness and freshness of the water he knew, he soliloquized, “Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Beth-lehem, that is at the gate!”

Then the three mighty men, his devoted and loyal captains, broke through the host of the Philistines, drew water from the well, and hacked their way back again, spilling much

blood but no water. They brought the precious liquid in a vessel similar to one of these in the foreground of our picture, and, covered with streaming sweat and streaming wounds, they presented it to the great King. Then David did the most beautiful thing in his long life. He poured out the water on the ground, because he felt unworthy to drink water for which his favorite officers had risked their lives. What a surprise this must have been to the three worthies, and how their amazement must have flamed into a renewed passion of devotion when they heard his words!

The place of honor in the picture is rightly given to the pots and the potter. These make an irresistible appeal to any spectator who is familiar with the Bible or with oriental history. The potter is enormously important in the Holy Land, as he always has been. Every shape seen here is traditional. It comes down from a remote period of time and is as old as the art itself. The clay is the same, and it is today fashioned into exactly the same forms that were current in

ancient times, as is clearly proved by comparing the modern pots offered for sale with the clay pots revealed by the excavations of the archeologists. The potter has his wheel, which he turns by foot-power; he holds the wet clay with both hands, and the whirling wheel fashions it into the desired shape. In ancient times he did this with such artistry that even today scientists and artists are vainly seeking the secret possessed by the ancient potters of China. This was man's first conquest, the subduing of natural elements into utensils of use and beauty.

But it is not the mere thought of the antiquity of this art that is so stimulating; it is the metaphorical use of it in the Bible and in modern poetry. The most famous passage in Scripture dealing with the potter is in that great eighteenth chapter of Jeremiah, where the prophet wrote:

Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels.

And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter: so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it.

Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying,
O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this
potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in
the potter's hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house
of Israel.

Robert Browning, with a devout philosophy that matched that of the prophet, used the same figure in the same way, in his great poem, "Rabbi Ben Ezra." God is the wise Potter; we are the clay in His hands; God holds us bound dizzily on the wheel of life, in order that He may shape us into something worthy of His presence. Browning wrote this poem soon after he had sustained the most bitter sorrow of his life, the death of the only woman he ever loved. But although he was shaken by grief, his faith was shaken not at all.

As we look at the picture of the pot-seller of Bethlehem, the sublime words of Browning come into our minds.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
"Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize
today!"

Fool! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be:
Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay
endure. . . .

A House in Nazareth

In Palestine modern villages are scarce, hence such pictures as this represent a social life which is at once ancient and contemporary. This family is independent and self-supporting; all its wealth, both machinery and live stock, we see assembled under one roof.



A HOUSE IN NAZARETH



THE artist has painted for us the interior of a Nazarene house exactly as it looks today. But it also is an accurate Bible illustration, for the architecture, the furnishings, the household duties, and the family life have changed very little in two thousand years. In Palestine modern villages are scarce, hence such pictures as this represent a social life which is at once ancient and contemporary. This family is independent and self-supporting; all its wealth, both machinery and live stock, we see assembled under one roof. The ceiling is high, to allow for the circulation of air and the dispersion of smoke; the supports are huge arches; the distinction separating human beings from the animals is merely a higher level on the floor.

The house is built of rough stone with walls thick as those of a fortress. Windows count for

little, being small and high up. The interior consists of one large room, the walls unadorned even by whitewash. By day the door stands open, and when it is shut at night, it encloses not only the family, but sheep, goats, donkeys. On the lower level, literally the ground floor, these animals repose, and there are crude mangers made of stone or wood or earth. When Joseph and Mary could find no room at the inn at Bethlehem, the hospitable family which received them had in all probability the dais already crowded with children and guests; so that the Divine Babe was placed in just such a manger. Filled with hay, it made a comfortable abode, and today it is customary to dispose of extra guests in this fashion.

When the family retire for the night, they take down from recesses in the walls thin blankets or mattresses which need less space than the modern folding-bed, for they can be rolled up into a compact bundle and easily carried anywhere. Thus the command, "Take up thy bed and walk," is understandable. The most showy article of furniture is the bridal chest, containing

the trousseau brought to the new home. In the same spacious bed-sitting-room there are large earthen receptacles for the family supplies of grain, with lesser ones for flour. Other household "crocery" consists of jars holding olives or oil or drinking-water, wooden bowls for bread, and shining copper vessels for cooking. The tall, rectangular, upright bins behind the sitting figure in the picture are filled with flour, while on the left, against the wall, those huge square bins, composed of clay and straw, store the season's supply of grain, kept for the use of the family until the next harvest.

The baskets hanging from the ceiling are filled with food. Mr. Cornwell tells how, when he was sketching this picture, one of the children cried out with hunger. Immediately the mother loosened a string, and down came the basket; she took from it some food for chewing, which quieted the child, and up went the basket again, out of reach of goats and donkeys. The family have two regular daily meals, but the children of Palestine, like other children, are often hungry, and the fathers and mothers in the East

are so sensitively affectionate that they cannot endure the cry of hunger; hence they give the little ones food whenever it is demanded.

There is a passage in the Bible about the children's bread which illustrates not only the generosity of parents, but the precise circumstances of domestic life revealed in this picture. This very room will serve as an illustration for Matthew 15: 26, 27:

It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs.

And she said, Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.

This Bible passage shows at once the solicitude of parents and the fact that the room had animals with the family, as in this picture.

Again: privacy in sleeping-quarters has never been customary in Palestine. Remember the answer given to the friend who came at midnight asking for three loaves of bread, Luke 11: 8, "My children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee." It was not his personal inconvenience that concerned him; he knew that

if he got up, he would disturb the entire household.

In the picture the woman is grinding wheat into flour. She feeds the grain with her left hand between the two (literal) grindstones, while with her right hand she turns them. This is hard work, especially in hot weather, and, therefore, is often done just before dawn. She will finally take the lump of leaven, saved from the last batch, and mix the dough. Sometimes she will bake this in her own oven, but it is more amusing to employ the public one, where, awaiting her turn, she can gossip with her neighbors.

A thousand times Jesus must have seen Mary bake bread. He often used figures of speech taken from this familiar occupation; for while Jesus' teaching and the nature of his kingdom were not always understood by his audience, he invariably used figures of speech clear to all. The first process in bread-making was sifting; this was done by shaking the grain into a pan, so that the kernels went to one side and the waste to the other, where it could be tossed out with-

out ceasing to sift. This manipulation required dexterity and took considerable practice, but it was thorough, and Jesus remembered it when he said to Peter, "Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat."

The ovens are of clay, being a kind of pit with a circular top, beside which a fire of grass, or twigs, or refuse is placed. In the Bible, grass refers to any kind of weed or flower of the field, and Jesus had in mind perhaps his mother's cooking when he said, "The grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven."

What will this family do after the day is spent and night has fallen? They will take out from the wall the roll-beds, spread them on the floor, and without removing their clothes, the family and their guests will lie down with their feet toward the fire on the hearth. As they hate solitude, so they have a horror of darkness. The light will be kept burning all night, for the wife has seen that the lamp is well filled with oil. In that eloquent description of the virtuous woman in Proverbs, we are told that "her candle goeth

not out by night.” The word “candle” was the King James word, and it means simply illumination, for they used oil lamps in Palestine. Every one instantly understood the speaker when he said, “Nor is a lamp lighted to be put under a bushel, but on the lampstand; and then it gives light to all in the house.” (Matthew 5:15, Weymouth’s translation.) As a child, I used to wonder how a single candle could give light to all in the house, for how could it illuminate more than one room? But in this picture we see that the whole house was one room.

The Road to Damascus

The famous road to Damascus, on which Saul was interrupted by the heavenly vision, crowded today with the pageant of a priest returning from Turkey.



THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS



IN THE accompanying picture, a tumultuous scene of crowded confusion, the brush of the painter becomes a magic, hypnotic wand, arresting and preserving for one perpetual instant the march of the camels, the gestures of the merchants, the hand with the uplifted Damascus sword. So thick with vital activity is the scene that it takes but little imagination for us to hear as well as to see; we hear the noisy jostling of the advancing throng, the shouts and cheers of the pilgrims as the minarets of the city burst into view between the black cedars. For this is the pageant of a famous priest returning from some distant part of Turkey. One is reminded of the lines in Browning's "Paracelsus":

I am a wanderer: I remember well
One journey, how I feared the track was missed,
So long the city I desired to reach

Lay hid; when suddenly its spires afar
Flashed through the circling clouds.

Mr. Cornwell painted this picture in the late twilight. The receptive festivities had started early in the morning. Children were adorned with flowers and gay cloths; banners were held aloft, flags fluttered in the breeze, "the air broke into a mist with bells," and finally the priest drew near the city gates, assured of a triumphant entrance.

The sacred camels seem conscious of their decorations; they wear blankets of silk, huge tassels, shells and beads and pearls. Their riders swing the ancient weapons made of the famous Damascus steel. In the rear are whirling dervishes, while rose petals and perfumes are showered upon them by the admiring throng. Enormous scarlet flags carrying Arabic inscriptions in letters of gold sway in time to the ancient chants of the pilgrims, emphasized by the beats of an equally ancient drum. Above the confused murmur of the crowd and of the monotonous song is heard the crash of cymbals.

No women are to be seen; in those days they did not count. But little boys are much in evidence; they are arrayed in bright-colored robes and turbans, and they proudly carry guns and scimitars.

It has been well said that Damascus, and not Rome, should be called the Eternal City. It is the oldest city in the world with a continuous history. It is mentioned in the fourteenth chapter of Genesis, and plays an important rôle both in the Old and in the New Testament.

Perhaps no city anywhere presents a more thrilling sight when seen from afar. It is on a triangular plain, and the Arabs regarded that plateau as the most beautiful of the four Earthly Paradises. When one is still distant, an immense number of cupolas, domes, and minarets leap into the air, surrounding the vast mass of the central mosque. There are over 250 mosques in Damascus, many of them adorned with exquisite minarets; the oval shape of the city is surrounded by a massive wall, intersected with splendid towers and gateways, swelling at one part into a huge fortress.

The road from the Mediterranean city of Beirut runs eastward about fifty miles to Damascus; clear streams are on both sides of the way, and along the banks are the famous cedars of Lebanon.

The beautiful rivers, Abana and Pharpar, so dear to the homesick Naaman as he looked on the squalid stream of Jordan, are two of the numerous graces of Damascus; but they have often been stained with blood, for the city has been the scene of many wars. It was captured by King David, taken back by the Syrians, retaken by Jeroboam, captured again by the King of Assyria; it remained in the control of the Assyrians and Persians until the all-conquering armies of Alexander appeared when it shared a common fate. Of course the Romans got it later, and they called one of its streets Straight, a descriptive name that distinguishes it instantly from the curving, twisting roadways characteristic of Damascus and all Oriental cities. Today it is once more in the midst of war, for the French have found, as so many palefaces have discovered before them, that the Druses can fight.

As we see in the accompanying picture not only another demonstration of the eternal love of the Parade so characteristic of all peoples, but in particular the triumphant return of a great priest to his city, our minds go out instinctively to another man, who, nineteen hundred years ago, drew near this same city, not knowing that he was to see a spectacle more dazzling than cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces. He came, like this Eastern priest, in pride, but he entered in humility.

Saul of Tarsus, known to the Romans as Paul, was a proud and scholarly Jewish official, born and bred a Pharisee. When he heard the disciples of the Nazarene preaching, he was shocked at their proclaiming, as Messiah, One who had been condemned and crucified by defenders of the Jewish Law to which he was so intensely loyal. He heard the gentle Stephen, "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel," and Paul's heart, between fidelity to the traditions of his race and the power and beauty of the new teachings, was stirred to terrible conflict. In order to quiet this clamor in his own

soul, he began to persecute the Christians. He stood by approvingly when Stephen was stoned. He cast men and women into prison. He heard that the Christians were converting many in Damascus, and he procured official orders to drive them out of that city.

And it came to pass, that, as I made my journey, and was come nigh unto Damascus about noon, suddenly there shone from heaven a great light round about me.

And I fell unto the ground, and heard a voice saying unto me, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?

And I answered, Who art thou, Lord? And he said unto me, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest.

And they that were with me saw indeed the light, and were afraid; but they heard not the voice of him that spake to me.

And I said, What shall I do, Lord? And the Lord said unto me, Arise, and go into Damascus; and there it shall be told thee of all things which are appointed for thee to do.

And when I could not see for the glory of that light, being led by the hand of them that were with me, I came into Damascus.

So far as we know, during his life on earth Jesus never visited the city of Damascus; but in the heart of a blind man he entered through the

walls of the ancient town, and when this man opened his eyes again, they were illumined by the Light of the World. This man had been transformed by a heavenly vision, and in the memory of that light he was to walk until he should again and forever behold the King in his beauty.

The Church of the
Holy Sepulchre

*The Church of the Holy Sep-
ulchre as it now stands in
Jerusalem to mark the sight of that
rock-hewn tomb in which Joseph
of Arimathea placed the body of
Jesus after the Crucifixion.*



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE



THE artist has sketched for us the present appearance of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Directly across the street from this amorphous structure is a hotel; Mr. Cornwell's rooms faced the church front, so that we in regarding this picture are seeing what the artist saw from his lodgings every day.

In Palestine, when a building is erected, it does not occur to anyone to take away ruins and rubbish that may surround it. As the tree falls, so shall it lie. Thus new and old touch elbows; everywhere in Palestine the incongruous is the normal. The main portion of this church is almost a part of the ruins that hedge it in. At the extreme upper left, you see an arch that has broken down, like the bridge at

Avignon. It was not left, however, for any romantic or sentimental reason, but simply because the builders did not take the trouble to remove it, and no one else seems to have felt the necessity of doing so. Such is the prevailing custom in that untidy land.

The space in front of the church is as animated as the Piazza of St. Mark's in Venice. Mr. Cornwell says that the scene he has reproduced is typical; every day that he was in Jerusalem it looked just about like this. Religious processions, social gatherings, sordid barter, general gossip all find a place here; in the left foreground one sees a group of dark figures. They are priests of some order, who assemble here daily; to do what? To gamble. Surprised by this spectacle, the artist inquired of a bystander, and he was informed that the priests spent their whole time here rolling dice.

This would perhaps seem more shocking if it did not take us back in history to the greatest of all dramas, here enacted, where the indifferent soldiers gambled for the garments of the King.

My masters, there's an old book you should con,
For strange adventures, applicable yet,
It is stuffed with. Do you know that there was once
This thing: a multitude of worthy folk
Took recreation, watched a certain group
Of soldiery intent upon a game—
How first they wrangled, but soon fell to play,
Threw dice—the best diversion in the world.
A word in your ear—they are now casting lots.

It would be interesting if we were certain of the exact place of the Tomb—the Tomb that marked the burial and new birth not only of the Son of Man, but the burial of the old Law and the dawn of the Life of Love. The early disciples were naturally and properly more interested in the living Lord and in his teaching than they were in the dark place where his body slept; the Kingdom of God was in their hearts, not in any commemorative building or stone memorial. It was not until the reign of Constantine, three hundred years later, that a search was made for the place of burial, and on traditional and speculative evidence, Calvary and

the tomb were identified. Constantine then built a memorial church. It has been the scene of warfare, pillage, destruction, and renovation. The Moslems tore down the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but it was rebuilt, burned, rebuilt again, reconstructed and enlarged so many times and in so many different periods that it is today an architectural jumble. Much of it dates only from 1808, but the Romanesque front has an antique air.

Neither exterior nor interior is dignified. Inside it is, like so many people who live near it, both gaudy and dirty. Yet in spite of the cheapness of the architecture and decoration, in spite of the noisy and profane crowds that jostle before it, many pilgrims come hither with sincere reverence. A small crypt, illumined with lamps, where one must literally bow the head to enter, is the traditional place of the Tomb. And there a stone slab is worn smooth by the kisses of millions.

Tall candles, lamps of precious metals, which are forever alight, are added to by the flickering tapers brought by pilgrims; and in the

richly adorned chapels, where every event in the final tragedy is pictorially illustrated, kneel in silent adoration devout worshipers. Thus the outside of the church and the sacred spot within unconsciously symbolize the eternal contrast between the confused world of selfish ambition and the secret life of the spirit.

No one can gaze on this picture without having his thoughts turn back to that spring morning twenty centuries ago, when the soldiers, and the priests, and the weeping women, and the curious mob followed the Divine Sufferer from the city walls to the tiny mound of Calvary. The word Calvary occurs only once in the Bible, St. Luke 23:33. The expression "Mount Calvary" has no historic basis, for the elevation is only eighteen feet high. It was round in shape like a skull, hence was called Golgotha, the Hebrew for skull, and that is the name used by St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. John. The Latin Vulgate translation of the Greek word for skull—Kranion—was Calvaria, meaning a bald or bare skull. Our translators adopted the word Calvaria and in St. Luke's gospel they called it

Calvary. For St. Luke is the only one of the four evangelists who uses only the Greek word, and does not mention the Hebrew Golgotha.

On this small, skull-like eminence, fitly named—for this was the regular place of the execution of criminals—the terrible procession halted in the spring sunshine, and the Cross with its divine burden was elevated. Even as the cross stood on the top of the mound, so today in commemoration it stands on the top of the round dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on that of thousands of other churches and cathedrals all over the round earth. The Ball and the Cross—the globe of the world dominated by the sign of the only One who ever overcame it.

His executioners were angry that he should be called the King of the Jews, and as he hung between the two thieves, he seemed to the cynical and jeering throng a futile mockery of a real King. But on the radiant Sunday morning when he left the tomb, it appeared that he was not only the King of the Jews, but the King of Life and Death—King of kings and Lord of lords.



GETTY CENTER LIBRARY



3 3125 00956 4473

